RHYMES FOR LITTLE HANDS

MAUD BURNHAM

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RHYMES FOR LITTLE HANDS

Rhymes for Little Hands

By MAUD BURNHAM

1906

MILTON BRADLEY COMPANY : *Springfield, Mass.*

New York Boston Philadelphia Atlanta

San Francisco

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To

Mothers and Kindergartners

PREFACE

HE need of the following plays was suggested by children in kindergarten. ¶Having received the commendation of the smaller group they are now offered to the larger circle of story tellers and listeners.

¶Simple rhymes have been used as they are of greater value for this purpose than the more closely literary form.

¶The gesture illustrations progress naturally and easily from one to the other.

¶The Fairy Rhymes developed from the need of something shorter than the Fairy Tale.

¶ Such plays need careful study. One must become familiar with the text and deliver it simply, naturally, with imagination or with spontaneous humor.

¶ See it! Feel it! Be it!

¶ I wish to express my gratitude to those who have been generous in criticism.

¶ I am indebted to the editors of Kindergarten Review and Primary Education for permission to reprint finger plays which appeared in their pages.

¶ I also wish to express my thanks to the Century Company for permission to quote from the poem "The Child-Garden," taken from the volume "Five Books of Song."—*M. B.*

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INTRODUCTION

LL over the world babies love to play with their fingers and toes, and mothers sing rhymes and jingles of little pigs going to market, of my mother's knives and forks, and of baby's cradle. Froebel, with his heart insight into child life, recognized the educational value of these traditional plays, and collected and improved some of the more universal. ¶ Since his time we have had notable and artistic additions to our list of plays for the hand. The latest of these collections is Miss Maud Burnham's. ¶ The plays and rhymes are full of fancy and dramatic feeling, and will find a warm welcome wherever there are children and those who love them. ¶ A new book of plays is always welcome to the kindergartner, and to the mother who sees the meaning hid in childish play. May the book have a wide mission and a constant use.—*Lucy Wheelock.*

THE CHILD-GARDEN

IN the child-garden buds and blows
A blossom lovelier than the rose.

If all the flowers of all the earth
In one garden broke to birth,

Not the fairest of the fair
Could with this sweet bloom compare;

* * * * *

Of beauty hath this flower the whole—
And its name—the Human Soul!

Richard Watson Gilder
in "Five Books of Song."

FAIRY RHYMES

"Perhaps, however, it is best to keep them (fairy stories) as a sort of sweetmeat to be taken on high days and holidays only.

Nora A. Smith.

The Midsummer Fete

When the moon

looked like this,

Down under the clover,

Down under the grass tops

Where the fire-

flies hover,

Oh! The Fairies danced long,

And the Fairies danced late,
And they could not get home
From their midsummer fete;
So they each went to bed

In a wild morning glory,

And fell fast asleep!

That's the end of the story!

The Owl and the Brownies

An owl sat alone on the branch of a tree,

And he was as quiet as quiet could be;

'Twas night

and his eyes

were open

like this!

He looked all around—not a thing did he miss!

Some Brownies crawled up

to the branch

of the tree

And sat on the limb

as still as could be;

Said the solemn old owl, "Whoo! Whoo! Whoo! Whoo!"

Up jumped the Brownies,

and then away they all flew!

The Five Little Fairies

Said this little fairy,

"I'm as thirsty as can be!"

Said this little fairy,

"I'm hungry, too! dear me!"

Said this little fairy,

"Who'll tell us where to go?"

Said this little fairy,

"I'm sure that I don't know!"

Said this little fairy,

"Let's brew some Dew-drop Tea!"

So they sipped it and ate honey

beneath the maple tree!

Hide and Seek

Under the trees,

as I pass by,

The brown leaves gaily rustle.
Beneath two oak leaves on the ground,

Two little

Brownies hustle.

After a while two red pointed caps

Above the leaves

wave gaily,

'Tis thus the little Brownie Folk

At "Hide and Seek"

play daily.

The Brownie Band

Hist! Hist! Be still!
The little Brownie Band!

Skip it! Trip it! Down in the meadow land

There's Early-rose,

Stubby-nose,

Trailing-o'er,

Apple-core,

Knock-about,

Toes-turn-out,

Twist-and-turn,

Never-learn,

Double-chin,

Dimple-din.

Hist! Hist! Be still!
The little Brownies creep

Back again! Home again! While we're all asleep.

The Magic Carpet

A little magic carpet
Came sailing through the air,

With some little pixie people
A-sitting on it there!

Each had an acorn basket

With a picnic lunch inside it ;

They stopped and ate their goodies

On a stone, (I sat beside it!)

They had tiny frosted cookies

About as round as that

Some sandwiches of bee's meat,

And they sat and sat and sat!

Lo! When the fairies

flew away

A crumb could not be found,

Though I looked and looked and hunted*

Over ev'ry inch of ground.

*Hunt in lap.

The Teeter

Said the brownest little Brownie

To the wee-est little fairy,

"Won't you come along and

Play awhile with me?"

Said the wee-est little fairy

To the brownest little Brownie,

"Tell me what you want to play,

Then I will see!"

So this spritely happy fellow

Found the broadest blade of grass

And balanced it upon a mossy stone;

Then those little fairy children

Teetered gaily up and down,

Up and down all the afternoon, alone.

In the Garden

Once I thought I heard some fairies

And I looked through.

the garden

I peeped

in every

flower cup

And in the wee buds, too.

I looked beneath the toadstools

And the tufts of striped grass,

Then I just sat down and waited

To see the fairies pass!

The Elf's Dress.

In a little
closed flower,

There sat
a wee elf;

And she rocked* to and fro,
As she sewed for herself;
She was making a dress, as the dance was that night,

So she cut

and she basted†

With all of her might;

*Rock thumb.
†Motion of sewing.

Thus, she rocked all the time, did this dressmaker gay,
And to get her dress done she *sat up all day!*

In Winter Time

To their hive
for the winter
the bumble bees
crawl,

And into their hill
march the ants,
one and all.

The brown caterpillars have hidden their heads,

And spun some cocoons for their snug little beds;

The squirrels have gone
to their hole
in the tree.

Each bird's nest is empty—
no birds do we see!

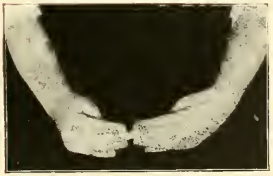
The fairies have flown for the winter, I know,

There isn't a person who knows where they go ! *

*Let fingers fly behind the back.

The Fairy's Nap

There surely is a butterfly,



Out in my garden bed!

Just now I saw it flutter by,*

Straight to

this blossom red!

*Let butterfly flutter about.

Perhaps it may be drinking dew!

I think I'll take a peep!

It is (I'll whisper it to you)

A fairy sound asleep!

The Frog

On the edge of

a pond

Near a wet

mossy log

Sat patiently waiting

a mottled green

frog.

He winked and he blinked as he rolled each round eye,

*Then snapped what he thought was a green-bottle fly.

He felt very queer—such a funny mishap—

Because he had eaten

a Brownie's wee cap!

*Let the frog jump

The Four o'Clocks

Ten little fairies played one day,

And flew so far

they lost their way!

Lo! Bye and bye each sleepy head
Heigho!

Crept in a four o'clock to bed.
Bye-low!

But when they awoke, each fay was shocked
To find the four o'clocks were locked!

I know!

Next day the flowers

opened wide,

And ev'ry fairy flew outside!

Heigho!

The Wild Carrot Umbrellas

The raindrops were falling

and each fairy flew

To a field

where blossoms

of wild carrot grew;

The fairies felt sad as they looked all about,

For ev'ry umbrella had turned wrong side out!

The Fairies' Wash Day

It is the fairies' washing day.

With acorn cups

for tubs,

And tiny leaves

for washing boards,

Each fairy rubs

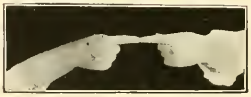
and rubs.

The fairy sheets so white and fine,

On the grass

are drying.

The spider spins for them a line.



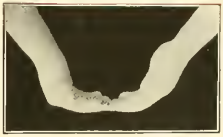
Now their clothes

are flying!

The Hammock

A neat little hammock

a spider spun,



It was quickly made and soon as 'twas done,

Two elves espied it, and in a minute,

Both little people

were swinging in it!

The Toadstools

I thought I saw some toadstools,

But they looked so very queer,
I stopped to look beneath them
And saw, as I drew near,
Some sober little Brownies
In their pointed little hoods.
They thought I didn't know it,
So I passed on through the woods!

FAMILY RHYMES

"Frœbel . . . . noticed that the hands and fingers are the earliest parts of the physical self to attract attention, and his knowledge of that fact is shown by the various songs in which the fingers are named and counted, put to sleep, made to dance and play and taught to greet each other. These songs are devised not only to give strength and suppleness to these members, but—and this is far more important—by attaching a playful meaning to their movements, to interest the mind in them and lift them out of the domain of the purely physical.

—*Nora A. Smith.*

The Family

This is the loving mother,

and this the father true,

This the brother straight

and tall,

sister,

and baby too;

Grandma,

grandpa,

uncle,

aunt,

and last the cousin wee,

Here they all together stand—

one happy family.

The Morning Greeting

Now see them all
Both short and tall,
These merry little men!

With bows they meet,
Across the street,
Then say the fingers ten,

"Good morning to you!"
And "How do you do!"

Just see them now

As they all bow

And say to each, "Good-day!"

Along the street

More friends they meet

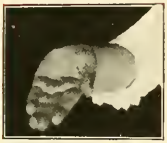
Who want so much to say,

"Good morning to you!"

And "How do you do!"

Bed Time

The fingers are so sleepy !



It is time to go to bed.

Come little Baby Finger,
you must first tuck in
your head.

Ring Finger creeps in slowly,
and who's next but Tallman Straight !

Come Pointer Finger hurry
for 'tis getting very late.
Now snuggle close you little men,
there's just one more to come!

The bed is plenty wide enough for little Master Thumb.

LULLABY

Hushaby! Rockaby!
Babies are sleeping.
Hushaby! Rockaby!
Sandman is creeping.
Hushaby! Rockaby!
Tucked in bed tight.
Hushaby! Rockaby!
Good night! Good night!

Wake Up

Wake up little fingers,

the morning has come!

Now hold up your heads,

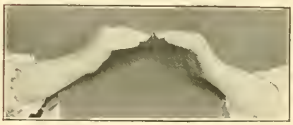
ev'ry finger and thumb!

Come, jump out of bed!

See how tall you can stand!

Oh! My! but you are such a wide awake band!
You've all washed your faces so clean and so sweet?

Then come to the table



your breakfast to eat;

Now all of you fingers run out to play

And have a good time

all this long happy day!

WINTER RHYMES

"Man has two hands....such is the instrument with which so many things are done....with which, to the delight of the child, so many objects may be represented.

Susan Blow.

The Snow Man

Here is the Snow Man round and white;

Truly, he is a comical sight!

Let's make some snow balls!

One! two! Three!

Be steady! Aim! Now what do we see!

There goes the Snow Man's

old straw hat!

He lost his head!

Just think of that!

Down goes
the snow man!

Here's
another,

So much better
than the other!

The Snowflakes

Merry little snowflakes

falling through the air,

Resting on the steeples

and tall trees everywhere ;

Clothing roofs

and fences,

capping ev'ry post,

Covering the hillside,

where we like to coast.

Merry little snowflakes try their very best

To make a soft white cover

so buds

and flowers

may rest.

When the bright

spring sunshine

says he's come to stay,

Then those selfsame snowflakes

quickly run away !*

*Let the fingers go behind the back.

The Eskimo

In his wee round

house of snow,

Crawls the little Eskimo.

There without a bit of light

Wrapped in furs he sleeps all night.

In the morning

he crawls out,

Gathers all the dogs about,

When he's tied them to his sleigh

Then he'll quickly ride away.

Over fields of snow he'll go.

Little brother Eskimo.

HOLIDAY RHYMES

"The great desire in early infancy, second only to the craving for motion in general is the use of the hands.

Baroness Marenholtz Von Bulow.

Halloween

Oh, it was the finest pumpkin

that you

have ever seen?

It grew in Tommy's garden.

On the night of Halloween.

He took his knife to cut the top,

then scooped it with a spoon.

He made two eyes,

a nose so long,

a mouth just like the moon.

He put a candle in it,

then, still as any mouse,

He crept up very slowly

to a window

in his house,

There put the jack o'lantern!

Tommy's mother cried, "Look here!

I feel quite sure some brownies are hiding very near!"

Thanksgiving

Every day when we eat our dinner,

Our table is very small;

There's room for papa,

mamma,

sister,

Baby

and me,

that is all.

When Thanksgiving comes and the company,
You'd scarce believe your eyes,

For that selfsame table
stretches out,
Until it is this size!

The Harvest Time

The farmer's in the orchard
Where all the fruit trees grow,

He climbs upon a ladder
And shakes the fruit below.

The farmer has some barrels
To pack the apples in.

The plums are packed in boxes,

The pears are in a bin.

The farmer's busy in the fields.

Thus the corn is stacked.

Here's the farmer's grain house
In which the grains are packed.

The farmer's in his cellar

And thinks as he looks 'round,
"No better store of winter food
Can in the world be found."

The farmer
folds his hands

When the harvest
time is done,

And happy is because he knows
There's food for ev'ry one.

The Toyman's Shop

Here is the window and great is our glee,

For this Toyman's shop

is the that we see ;

Such a lot of tin soldiers all in a row,

And bright colored tops that sing as they go.

Here in a box is a doll that can talk,

And here is a woolly black dog that can walk.

Look at the Jack-in-a-box over here!

Just see him pop out!

Oh, isn't he queer!

Here is the counter piled high with the toys

For good

little girls

and kind

little boys;

Here stands the Toyman, and here is his clerk,

To sell all the toys; how hard they must work!

Let us say good-bye to the Toyman's shop,

As we close

the door,

We must surely stop

To look at the Toyman's

window

once more.

Have you ever seen such playthings before?

We hope, little toys, that some of you may

Come straight to us on the glad Christmas Day.

New Year's Day

On New Year's Day the fingers go
To call on little friends they know,
To all they meet along the way
"A Happy New Year to you!"
they say.

Three Ways to Grow

For every little finger a New Year has begun,
They'll all be taller, stronger, kinder,
when the year is done.

Saint Valentine's Day

To every little friend I know
A pretty valentine shall go.

To some
I'll send * one like
a book.

They'll find a message if they look.
Inside it reads, "Much love I send."

*Open as if to read.

Then to some other little friend

I'll send this little heart
of mine

With much love to my valentine.

I've envelopes to use for this,

Here write the name,

there seal a kiss.

Then when I hear the postman's ring

These valentines

to him I'll bring.

I'll drop them in his bag of leather

Then wish the postman pleasant weather

In which to take a valentine

To you and you,* dear friends of mine.

*Offer them.

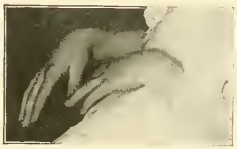
George Washington's Birthday

Another holiday has come!

Let's wave

the flag

and beat the drum!



From ev'ry steeple

ring the bell!

Come blow the horn!

Now quickly tell,

What holiday is just begun!

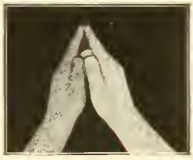
The birthday of George Washington!

Easter

(Adapted from an old Finger Play.)

On Easter Day we go to church.

The bell rings



from the steeple.

When the doors are open wide,

Inside, you'll

see

the people.

The Sermon

The minister who preached to-day,

Talked all about the spring
And said that "Easter" promised us
Almost everything;
That Easter was the "wake up" time,
For trees and buds and flowers,
That bees and butterflies and birds
Would bless this world of ours!

May Day

When May Day comes

a basket I'll make

And fill it with flowers sweet;
Then for surprise, beneath, I'll put
Some candies sweet to eat.
When it is dusk I'll quickly go
And ring my playmate's bell;
Then run away and let her guess
Whose love the flowers tell.

May Day

(Adapted from an old game)

Itisket ! Itasket ! It is the first of May !

I'll leave you this basket and quickly run away !

The Fourth of July

The Fourth of July is the day for boys!
'Tis the day for girls! 'Tis the day for noise!

Here is a slow match,

the end is hot.

I will fire
these crackers

all in one lot!

(Clap hands to represent fire-crackers going off)

Here's a big pin wheel,

just see it go!

Slowly at first,

very swiftly, then slow!

Here are torpedoes!

Now let us see,

What kind of a noise they will make!

One! Two! Three!

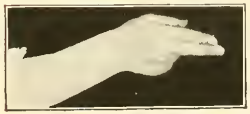
(Three loud claps)

Here's a toy pistol!

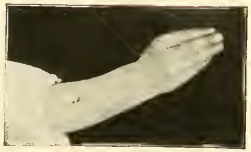
I'll put in a cap,

And pull the trigger!

My didn't it snap!



See the sky rocket



go sh.....

way up high.

Spreading its fingers about in the sky!

Some grown people grumble and wonder why
We little folks like the Fourth of July!

Polly's Birthday Cake

Polly had a birthday!

Polly had a cake!

Polly's mother stirred it!

Polly watched it bake!

There were two thick layers,

with chocolate between.

'Twas the very nicest you have ever seen!

Polly had some candles,*

One!

Two!

Four!

Three!

Five!

Who can tell how many years Polly's been alive?

*Put the fingers up one by one.

TRADE RHYMES

Blessed be the hand!
Thrice blessed be the hands that work!

Helen Keller.

And as you teach your child to respect his own, hand, teach him also to respect those who work with their hands. Waken his gratitude towards and consideration for those through whose labor he is blessed with food, clothing and shelter.

Susan Blow.

The Iceman

Oh, here is the Iceman, he comes ev'ry day,

And stops right in front of our door;

He lets us look at the ice in his cart,

And gives us perhaps

one piece, more.

He takes out his hatchet

to cut up the blocks,

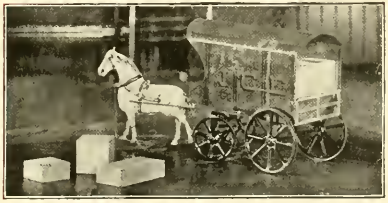
They are square

and oblong, too.

Now, can you remember the kind of a piece,

The Iceman left for you?

The Iceman. (A sense game.)



The Ice-cart.

The Grocer Man

When the grocer man comes,
He knocks at the door,

And writes down the orders
As we name them o'er.

With pencil in hand, he says,

"Let me see!

You've ordered some cornstarch

And one pound of tea;

A package of soda,

Some corn meal and flour.

I'll try to deliver these goods in an hour!"

In baskets he brings them

As fast as he can;

On our table

he piles them,

The good grocer man.

The Baker Man

The baker's cart comes down the street,

Filled with everything good to eat.

Two doors

the baker man opens wide,

To let us look on the shelves inside.

What do we see in the baker's cart?

Doughnuts

and biscuits,

a pie,

a tart,

Jellyrolls,

cookies,

loaves of bread, too!

What will the baker man sell to you?

The Coalman

In our cellar window,

The coalman puts his slide;

Into this

he throws

the coal

With his shovel wide.

To the coal yard he will go,

When our coal is in,

And get another load of it

To fill some other bin!

The Milkman

The Milkman is a busy man.

He works from morn till night!

And when he starts to leave his farm,

The sun

first

comes

in sight;

Then when the sun

is getting low,

Back from the busy town

Where he left milk

for you

and me,

He drives up hill and down.

From pastures green

he drives the cows,

Into the barn they go.

Each one is standing in a stall,
Eight cows all in a row.

The cans are hanging on the rack,
They're washed, then aired till night,

The milking done, the milkman then,
Will lock the barn doors tight.

The Yeastman

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding!*

'Tis the yeastman's ring!

If you want any,

Bring cup and penny!

Ding! Dong! Ding! Dong! Ding!

*Motion of ringing a bell

The Postman

The postman seems like Santa Claus,

He has a great big sack;

'Tis filled

with cards

and letters

and 'tis strapped upon his back.

Our dear old Santa comes but once,

The best time of the year;

But day by day the postman calls

And blows his whistle clear.

I watch him from my window
Through sunshine, rain, and snow,

And when he's reached the letter box
Then out of sight he'll go.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE PENNIES

The Candyman

Oh ! I like to visit the candy store !

Through the window peep !

Then open the door !

Oh! I like to buy the

chocolate drops,

The molasses sticks,

and the lollipops!

But when I have pennies I always plan,

Not to give all to the good Candyman.

The Toyman

In the corner store there is everything
That children buy in the early spring!

A hoop

and stick,

A bouncing ball,

A kite,

a top,

And marbles

small.

Now which do you wish of all the toys

That the store man sells to girls and boys?

The Bank

Oh ! I have a new bank ! On the top is a slit,

You should see the bright pennies

I drop into it.

Just think of the money someday I will own,

If I save my pennies until I am grown !

MISCELLANEOUS RHYMES

"By using his hands, the child learns how much may be done with the few things within his grasp, or, in other words, how much he may accomplish without reaching beyond the narrow boundaries of his own little life.

Susan E. Blow.

The Pigeons

Ten snowy white pigeons

are standing in line,

On the roof of the barn

in the warm sunshine.

Ten snowy white

pigeons

fly down

to the ground,

To eat of the grain that

is thrown all around.

Ten snowy white pigeons

Soon flutter aloof,

And sit in a line
on the ridge of the
roof.

Ten pigeons are saying politely, "Thank you!"
If you listen, you hear their gentle "Coo-roo!"

The Five Little Kittens

This kitty said, "I smell a mouse!"

This kitty said, "Let's hunt through the house!"

This kitty said, "Let's play we're asleep!"

This kitty said,

"Let's go creepity-creep!"

This kitty said,

"Meow! Meow! Meow!"

I saw

him

run in

his hole just now!"

The Barnyard

When the Farmer's day is done,

In the barnyard, ev'ry one,

Beast and bird politely say,
"Thank you for my food to-day."

The cow says, "Moo!"

The pigeon, "Coo!"

The sheep says, "Baa!"

The lamb says, "Maa!"

The hen, "Cluck! Cluck!"

"Quack!" says the duck;

The dog, "Bow Wow!"

The cat, "Meow!"

The horse says, "Neigh!
I love sweet hay!"

The pig near by,
Grunts in his sty.

When the barn is locked up tight,

Then the Farmer says, "Good night!";
Thanks his animals, ev'ry one,
For the work that has been done.

The Boat

The waves roll* high, the waves roll low,

As in their boat these sailors go.

Yeoho! My lads! Yeoho!
Both sailors row† with steady oar,
And quickly reach the other shore.
Yeoho! My lads! Yeoho!

*Raise first one knee and then the other.
†Move thumbs back and forth as hands go over the lap.

The Wind

The wind came out for a frolic one day,

He first swept
the clouds

all out
of his way,

The weather vane turned
wherever he flew,

The trees bowed low

and the leaves danced* too.

The wind blew a gale for

the boats at sea,

O, the wind

tried to snatch

my hat from me,

*Fingers dance.

He really did get my Japanese kite,

And I watched it sail

till it went out of sight.

Then the wind whispered low

down our chimney flue,

Ev'ry word that he said was, "Oo-oo-oo!"

The Baby's Bath

Baby's ready for his bath,

Here's the Baby's tub,

Here's the Baby's
wash cloth,

Here's the way to rub,

Here's the Baby's cake of soap,

Here's the towel dry,

Baby's ready for his bed.

Rock-a-bye-lo-bye!

The Raindrops

When the flowers

are thirsty,

And the grass is dry,

Merry little raindrops

Tumble from the sky.

All around they patter

In their happy play,

Till some little sunbeams

Chase them all away!

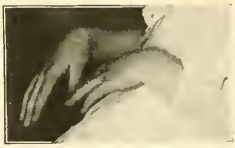
*Let fingers dance down and go behind the back.

The Finger Band

(Adapted to "The Mulberry Bush.")

The Finger Band has come to town,
Come to town, come to town,
The Finger Band has come to town,
So early in the morning.

This is the way
they play
the drum,



Play the drum,
play the drum,

This is the way they play the drum,

So early in the morning.

This is the way they blow the horn,

Toot-toot-toot-toot-toot-toot-toot!

This is the way they blow the horn,

So early in the morning.

This is the way their cymbals go,

Ringity-ring ! Ringity-ring !
This is the way their cymbals go,
So early in the morning.

This is the way

their clappers go,

Clapity-clap ! Clapity-clap !

This is the way their clappers go,

So early in the morning.

Now watch them shake

the tambourine,

Jinglety-jing ! Jinglety-jing !

Now watch them shake

the tambourine,

So early in the morning.

This is the way

they play

the flute,

Play the flute,

play the flute,

(Whistle the air.)

This is the way they play the flute,

So early in the morning.

So drop your

pennies in the hat,

In the hat, in the hat,

So drop your pennies in the hat,

So early in the morning.

The fingers bow

their thanks to you,

Thanks to you, thanks to you,

The fingers bow their thanks to you,

So early in the morning.

The Finger Band has gone away,

Gone away, gone away,

The Finger Band has gone away,

So early in the morning.

Little Miss Muffet

(ADAPTED)

"Little Miss Muffet

sat on her tuffet,

Eating her curds and whey;

Along came a spider,

And sat down beside her,

And frightened Miss Muffet away!"

The Indians

Ten little Indians

standing in a line,

Ten little Indians

strong and straight and fine.

Ten little Indians

tomahawks

wave high,

Ten little Indians

cry aloud, "Hi! Hi!"

Ten little Indians

ride far out

of sight,

Ten little Indians

come safe home

at night.

Ten little Indians

to their wigwam creep,

Ten little Indians

now are fast asleep.

The Soldiers

Here are soldiers who would fight

For their country and the right.

Here's the fort that towers high,

Here's their flag up in the sky.

Grimly peeping through the wall

Are the cannon

large and small.

When the shadows slowly creep,

Soldiers in their camp tents sleep.

Through the night each sentinel

At his post cries, "All is well!"

When the soldiers, one and all,

Hear the bugle's early call;

Quickly then, they stand so fine

In a straight and even line

Finger Motions

(Adapted to "The Mulberry Bush")

This is the way the fingers stand,
The fingers stand,
the fingers stand,

This is the way the fingers stand,
So early in the morning.

This is the way the fingers bow,
The fingers bow,
The fingers bow,

This is the way the fingers bow,
So early in the morning.

The fingers say "How do you do!"
"How do you do!"
"How do you do!"

*

The fingers say, "How do you do!"
So early in the morning.

This is the way they like to clap,†
Like to clap, like to clap,
This is the way they like to clap,
So early in the morning.

This is the way they like to snap,‡
Like to snap, like to snap,
This is the way they like to snap,
So early in the morning.

*Shake the hands.
†Clap the fingers.
‡Snap the fingers.

This is the way they like to stretch,*
Like to stretch, like to stretch,
This is the way they like to stretch,
So early in the morning.

This is the way they like to dance,
Like to dance,
like to dance,

This is the way they like to dance,
So early in the morning.

This is the way they like to rest,
Like to rest,
like to rest,

This is the way they like to rest,
So early in the morning.

*Open and shut hands.

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